Ped. The Deare was (as you know) ſanguis in blood ripe as a Pomewater, who now hangeth like a Iewell in the eare of *Celo* the ſkie; the welken, the heauen, and anon falleth like a Crab on the face of *Terra*, the ſoyle, the land, the earth.

Curat. Nath. Truely M. *Holofernes*, the epithithes are ſweetly varied like a ſcholler at the leaſt: but Sir I aſſure ye, it was a Bucke of the firſt head.

Hol. Sir, *Nathaniel*, *haud credo*.

Dul. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a Pricket.

Hol. Moſt barbarous intimation: yet a kinde of inſinuation, as it were *in via*, in way of explication *facere*: as it were replication, or rather *oſtentare*, to ſhow as it were his inclination after his vndreſſed, vnpoliſhed, vneducated, vnpruned, vntrained, or rather vnlettered, or rather eſt vnconfirmed faſhion, to inſert againe my *haud credo* for a Deare.

Dul. I ſaid the Deare was not a *haud credo*, 'twas a Pricket.

Hol. Twice-ſod ſimplicitie, *bis coctus*, O thou monſter Ignorance, how deformed doſt thou looke.

Nath. Sir, he hath neuer fed of the dainties that are bred in a booke.
He hath not eate paper as it were:
He hath not drunke inke.
His intellect is not repleniſhed, he is onely an animall, onely ſenſible in the duller parts: and ſuch barren plants are ſet before vs, that we thankfull ſhould be: which we taſte and feeling, are for thoſe parts that fructifie in vs more then he.
For as it would ill become me to be vaine, indiſcreet, or a foole;
So were there a patch ſet on Learning, to ſee him in a Schoole.
But *omne bene* ſay I, being of an old Fathers minde,
Many can brooke the weather, that loue not the winde.

Dul. You two are booke-men: can you tell by your wit,
What was a month old at *Cains* birth, that's not fiue weekes old as yet?

Hol. Dictiſſima good man *Dull*, *Dictiſſima* goodman *Dull*.

Dul. What is *Dictima*?

Nath. A title to *Phœbe*, to *Luna*, to the *Moone*.

Hol. The Moone was a month old when *Adam* was no more,
And wrought not to fiue weekes when he came to fiueſcore.
Th'alluſion holds in the Exchange.

Dul.

Dul. 'Tis true indeed, the Colluſion holds in th
Hol. God comfort thy capacity, I ſay th'alluſion
Exchange.

Dul. And I ſay the polluſion holds in the Excha
for the Moone is neuer but a month old: and I ſa
'twas a Pricket that the Princeſſe kill'd,

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, will you heare an extempo
on the death of the Deare, and to humour the ignora
Deare, the Princeſſe kill'd the Pricket.

Nath. Perge, good M. *Holofernes*, *perge*, ſo it
you to abrogate ſcurilitie.

Hol. I will ſomething affect the Letter, for it arg

The prayfull Princeſſe pearſt and prickt
a prettie pleaſing Pricket,
Some ſay a Sore, but not a ſore,
till now made ſore with ſhooting.
The Dogges did yell, put ell to Sore,
then Sorell iumps from thicket:
Or Pricket-ſore, or elſe Sorell,
The people fall a hooting,
If Sore be ſore, then ell to Sore,
makes fiftie ſores O ſorell:
Of one ſore I an hundred make
by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent.

Dul. If a talent be a claw, looke how he clawes
talent.

Nath. This is a gift that I haue ſimple: ſimple,
trauagant ſpirit, full of formes, figures, ſhapes, obj
apprehenſions, motions, reuolutions, . Theſe are
ventricle of memorie, nouriſht in the wombe of Pr
deliuered vpon the mellowing of occaſion: but the
in thoſe in whom it is acute, and I am thankfull for i

Hol. Sir, I prayſe the Lord for you, and ſoe may
ners, for their ſonnes are well tutor'd by you, and t
ters profit very greatly vnder you: you are a good m
common-wealth.